



The child of the regiment.

Donizetti, Gaetano, 1797-1848

Philadelphia: J. E. Gould (164 Chestnut Street), 1845

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41



On stone by Grozedier

P. S. Duval's Steam Lith. Press. Phil^a

JENNY LIND'S SONGS.

Child of the regiment

- N^o.1 Thy blessing dearest mother!
- N^o.2 I dream of my Fatherland.
- N^o.3 Farewell my Fatherland.
- N^o.4 My home my happy home.

- N^o.5 Come my lovely maiden.
- N^o.6 The Stars of heaven are gleaming.
- N^o.7 The Sea-King's Bride.
- N^o.8 I've left my snow clad hills.

Philadelphia. Published by J. E. GOULD (Successor to A. FLOTT) Swain's Building.

Pri^rce, each 25 C^{ents}

Boston,
OLIVER DITSON.

164 Chestnut Street.

New York
T. S. BERRY

THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

English words by CHARLES JEFFERYS.

Music by DONIZETTI, Arranged by C.W. GLOVER.

THE ARGUMENT. During the occupation of the Tyrol by the French and after a skirmish between the hostile ranks, an infant child was found alone in their camp by the 11th Regiment of the Grand Army of Napoleon: by that regiment she was fostered and beloved, and all were proud of the charming Vivandiere: Maria, the name given to the child, upon the attainment of her 18th year was discovered to be the daughter of the Marchioness de Berkenfield: and by her removed to a sphere more consonant to the dignity of her birth: still the affectionate girl found it impossible to shake off the attachment of her childhood, and being reproached by her mother with want of pride, defended herself in the words of this song, which is so exquisitely sung by the renowned Cantatrice, JENNY LIND, in the Opera of "LA FILLE DU REGIMENT," as to entitle it to be called the gem of the Opera.

ANDANTE
CON MOTO:

Quando il de - sti - - no in mez - zo a strage ri - - a nel lor

1. Ask me not why my heart with fond e - mo - tion Beats for the
2. Chide me no more, were I de - void of feel - ing Would my in-

1450

4

se - - no fan-ciul-la mi get - - to! es-si han rac - - col - - to la mi - - se - - ria
 brave companions of my youth! Had they not tend - ed me with love's de -
 grat - i - tude not wake thy fears! Worthless would be this moment's fond re -
 mi - - a, e i pri-mi pas - si mie - i cia-scun gui - do po - treb - be
 - vo - tion I had not liv'd, a - - las, to prove my truth: A help-less
 - veal - ing, If I could cast a - side the ties of long long years. Thou hast my
 mai di-menti-carli il cor . . . se non e - - si - - sto che per lor a -
 babe upon the field I lay, And but for them my life had pass'd a -
 love; thine is a mother's claim, To them for - get not that thou ow'st the
 - mor s'e - - - sisto pel loro a - mor Quando il de -
 - way My life had pass'd a - way: Ere I for -
 name, My mother, my mo - - ther dear, Ere I can

- sti - - no in mez - zo a strage ri - - a nel lor se - - no fanciu - la mi get⁵

get, then, all their lov - ing kindness Bring o'er my heart oblivion of the
cease to think of all their kindness Bring &c.

- to, es - si han rac - - col - - to la mi - se - - ria mi - - a ei pri - mi pas - - si

past: But when you win for me that fa - tal blind - ness, In mer - cy let that

mie - i cia - - scun gui - do.
a piacere

moment, that moment be my last.

dim